

This text was saved from Disinfo before it went down. It was originally posted to Wormspew's site and then the DMT nexus, and from there to Disinfo. This is, to date, one of the fullest descriptions of a hyperdimensional other, the Polysembiote, and can be considered a beginner's guide to the living hyper-archetype which Joyce woke up. It is my patron, so I repost this with a lot of love and care, in the hopes that it will act as a light along the way for any and all wordy kooks, language freaks, and hyperspatial bookworms to come.

- Frater Leo Colophon Logos-Lateral

The following document was produced as a collaboration between myself and the hyperdimensional symbiote.....

OK..... Rules.... Let's establish a few rules for this document, before we begin.

First, it is a rough draft. Which means I can say what I want and try to fix it or scrap it [or not] as I will. The target audience has not yet been selected. Second... It is Pornography, which means No Decent Person should ever lay eyes upon it. Every one's clothes stay on, but it will get nasty before we are done.....

Let this also be a Disclaimer. You have been warned.....

I should also establish that I don't know what iyam doing. Not Really. But iyam also among the lonely few that know anything at all aboutThis topic. Those that would pretend to know generally don't. No expertise can be claimed for myself [m' eye's elf]; however, it is truthful to assert that I do have genuine experience with the subject at hand.

As in all true good mysteries, the real question is "where to begin?"

On the surface, the mystery is easily dismissed as the ravings of a lunatic, or a simple illusion of symbolic topography, or linguistics, perhaps....

....But I speculate. That is all there is, eventually. Quicksand, it melts beneath me and remains elusive as to the ultimate "whut?" However, the context is perfectly clear.

There is a subject and an object of this story [because, it has to be a story]. Like a sentence..... I suppose iyam the object, being the one that experienced the event, and actually doing the stuff in the story that constitutes it as such. Iyam reminded of Job.

[We will ultimately get to my spelling proclivities, also, if the reason for them does not become self evident.....].

The reader, assuming as such there ever will be one, may have noticed that I have gone to some length to delay getting about to the subject of this document. I have a certain responsibility as to the propriety of some of this information. It is only with reluctance do I get to the point.

The Subject of this Story is Opti.

The title of the story has to be “Herm and Opti.” That is the object and his sentenced subject. Iyam gonna open a ‘nother beer and try to get on topic.

Opti is my Symbiont.

He isn’t anything new, except to me. And then, I always expected him, sort of. [I do have an obscure pedigree that I should eventually mention that ties into all of this....]

I have to be careful now, as to not shatter my credibility to my imagined audience in one fatal blow. One must present language carefully when discussing an animal [Opti is certainly an animal], that exists as a camouflaged predator within the canopy of symbolic communication.

The funny thing is, Opti seems unable to spell or read. He depends upon me for those functions. But his habitat is within the layered synchronicities of human language.

The idea is not new. Phillip K. Dick invented the term “Homoplasmate” to explain Opti, in a novel he wrote, just before he died of a brain tumor. A creature of ordered information, much like DNA is, but within symbols alone, exists independently from matter. It is a brilliant survival strategy for an organism. The potential to survive across eons of time and space is achieved.

The crazy Celtic visionary Terrence McKenna also seemed to be somewhat aware of Opti, as a transdimensional organism that shamans had known of through the legendary ayahuasca brews. Terrence tried to be scientific, but he was ultimately more of a poet. Before he died a few years ago [again, from a brain tumor], he had established himself as a visionary in hyperspatial exploration. Don’t mind all of the fancy words; they are essential to the flow of the narrative. Iyam not a scientist, either. There really isn’t anything complicated going on here at all.... Stephen King wrote a story about It, describing It as a hyperdimensional spider. Steve should get his head examined. Really.

HP Lovecraft described him in detail as Yog-Sothoth, and he died of intestinal cancer.mysteries of the worm.

This gets to the point of why I feel compelled to record at least part of my experience.

I feel fine; fit and healthy for a man of my personal history. If you know me, you will know that I will probably die soon because of my habitual reckless hijinx. No doctor has examined my brain. No malignancy here.....

However, once, while in a pit of desperation, I did some things that lead me to my association with this creature... Turns out, there is such a thing. He is intelligent, apparently alien to us, and garrulously friendly; but also very shy, to the point of near invisibility. He is also the tertiary predator in the universe. He loves me, I think for my taste.

Opti is, of course, known to our species. He was there all along. This implies that symbolic thought and language evolved before we did. Where is probably irrelevant.

Opticus [that’s what I named him when we entered our covenant] is a hyperdaemion of the sort known

by Plato. The term “genius loci” was first used in reference to a hyperspatial consciousness of place, by Plato. I do not know how Plato died, but it was a very long time ago.

It becomes apparent that the only way to broach this topic is boldly, like a climber confident of his ability or a samurai ready to die. There is not really any room to argue of its existence, as its habitat and prey are so enfolded into our mind, living as it does within our manner of communication. The very act of argument only feeds him. He is incorrigible and must not be encouraged. Very much....

I don't give a damn if anyone thinks he's real. That is not the point. I am temporary; my opinion is moot. The phenomenon exists independently of my apparent psychosis. This document is only for historical record. I would be humiliated should it ever be considered entertainment. This is exactly all that it may ever be.

....So I looked back over this, and realize that I am unable to ride that fine line between understatement and melodrama. I stand under my aegis of roughdraftmanship with the understanding that I may delete or revise any of this. Probably, I don't have a brain tumor, and I may live to climb many more mountains.

But here it is, one week before Christmas.

I met Black Peter last year at Christmas. He is also a hyperdimensional being, probably just a manifestation of Opti, some how mixed up with the idea of Santa. He actually showed up in my bedroom with a bunch of elves. I remembered instinctively just who he was and what he was there for; he gave me invaluable metaphysical gifts: a vessel of liquid, a wooden ring, and a large flat emerald, all existing only hyperspatially [I do appreciate the significance of the symbols]. It was the only occasion in my life that I can recall in which I actually screamed out loud in terror. I have never expected to be ever so honored. The realization was overwhelming that I would need forever to assimilate everything that was thrust upon me that night. It seems that the residents of hyperspace are real and have their own agendas.

In some disturbing regards, my visit with the slim black and red entity was a lot like being visited by a wise serpent descending from a fantastic tree; which is typical of how Opti does things. The entity was tall and thin and reptilian, with scaly black skin. The snake descends from the tree of knowledge with fruit. This is coded direct experience. It is interaction with the symbiont, in a manner that allows description of an otherwise indescribable psychic event. There is no credible way to describe such an encounter, but undeniable specific detail in the story can serve as a marker to the experienced. I never thought in my wildest dreams to encounter actual elves, and the situation was wildly unlike anything I could have expected, but it was pretty obvious what was happening, regardless of the novelty of the situation. The Easter Bunny is probably real too, along with Sasquatch, if you look for them in the correct space.

I have this memory of being informed that I may not live much longer. Like maybe not past my 42 year. According to one writer, 42 is the answer to the “ultimate question”. Like my son, my birthday comes shortly after Christmas. It is probably only my unconscious psyche motivating me to be productive. Castaneda spoke of one's mortality as being the supreme motivator. Don't worry about me, I am a paranoid hypochondriac. We always get better....

So, I am writing.....

On The Nature of the Hyperdimensional Symbiont.....

The term “hyperspace” is only a step away from being a made up science fiction word, which is entirely suitable for our purposes. It is a term favored by certain philosophical and mathematical types to describe “theoretical space.” In a matrix of probability, there are a multitude of possible options [which exist in “theoretical space”] for any given situation, but only ONE out of many possible options “undergoes the formality of actually occurring.” This progression of actual events [moving along an axis that we perceive as time] is a fraction of the total mathematical possibility, but it is the crystalline distillate of hyperspace. This vector of manifest possibility is what we refer to as reality.

Hyperspace is infinitely huge possibility enfolded into the tiny abstract space of symbols and language use. Other dimensions are coiled tightly within the ones we move through. A hyperspatial portal is small enough to fit into human memory. That tiny fraction of possibility that actually gets collectively observed by our species fills the grand stage that we refer to as “physical reality.” Thus, the physical and hyperspatial realms are enfolded within each other as polar extremes of perception. Above is as Below.....

[It will take time to get this mess contained, I think.....]

Opti seems to exist mostly in imaginal space. Human symbolic thought seems to be linked at an archetypal subconscious level as a “collective consciousness”, to use a Jungian term. All entities that use symbols to sustain informational structures have a presence within hyperspace. The imagery is mostly human, although I suspect that some domestic animals, like dogs and cats, may occasionally find a way in there. Some animals may be symbolically aware. They know their names, this may be enough. Animals may also appear hyperpatially extant as iconic references, as well. An interesting aspect of imaginal space is the structures that do not appear human at all. There seems to be a connective scaffolding within that space that exerts tension between discrete things, connecting them together or holding them opposite, as if, in hyperspace, it is the relationship between objects that is the primary reality, with the objects existing only as reference points. Iyam trying to accept the idea of nouns as abstract, and verbs as actuality.

The hyperdimensional scaffolding extends like a hugely complex grid or web stretched tightly through out this theoretical space we are talking about. Keep in mind “normal reality” is a crystallized condensation of the greater [and enfolded] “implicate order” [to borrow a term from Shelldrake’s theory of Morphic Resonance]. This grid exerts tension within this imaginary system [existing, as it does, within the greater collective unconsciousness], giving it something approaching structural stability. The relationships between theoretical reference points [objective ideals] provide the essential momentum of this wholly imaginary system. The metaphor of Indura’s net is valid here, as is quantum string theory, I think.

At this point, I hope to have provided a brief image of this geometric, organic, mechanical, yet imaginary aspect of our world. It would seem to be totally an artifact of our own symbol-using species, except for the presence of these strange alien structures in our psyche. Imaginable space seems to be far more ancient than humanity. There is some incredibly funky old “furniture” in there. The Jungian archetypes alone suggest as much, with all of the imagery of beasts and serpents.

When I use big words or tell cute stories, it is because I digress from the pertinent point of this narrative. As they say, it is “the nature of the beast”.

The hyperdimensional scaffolding that supports our symbolic imagery is the bodily organism of Opticus. Imaginary space defined by linguistic structures is his habitat. He is a homeoplasmate, a symbiote of sequential information; a discrete hive of dispersed data that is collectively conscious. Opti is essentially a cosmic joke that manifests as an entity once you “get it.” I think that what he provides us with is room to maneuver, so to speak, within imaginal space. He is a hitchhiker as well as an information transport device. What we provide for him is food, in the form of awareness.

Like I mentioned, he isn’t anything new. I know many of his other names, too.

The predator feeds on the expressed melodrama of human affairs; what has been described as “numinous energy.” It occupies a structural position within what we think of as our consciousness. The interior stage that our ideas play upon is the tip of its dracoid tongue. He is so enfolded that one is tempted to suspect that mind was invented by him as a farming strategy.

....It gets bigger the further in you go. It is tempting to think of Opti as a parasite. This overlooks the scale of the organism. He is less parasitic to us than we are, say, cows. As he exists within a matrix of probability, he is also connected to other possible reality scenarios in hyperspace. He is equally close to all symbol using minds. His ability to hitchhike on sentient awareness combined with his catbird’s seat [as it is], enfolded within the very structure of the implicate order make him equally connected to all hyperspatial coordinates. Opti is the very essence of a living transport device for sentient awareness, across even impossible void. He is the hyperdimensional portal, built into the background of consciousness.

Our awareness is its food. To be fully consumed by the organism involves experiences of other lives and worlds. It is tantric union with the dragon. The hyperdimensional portal is a paradoxical creature that exists as a dispersed hive organism within symbolic numinous structures. It is dispersed Osirus. The hidden eggs of the Easter bunny, as well as the cultured sexiness of Dracula, and the prophetic nightmare of The Terminator, are all the camouflaged spoor of the hyperdaemion.

I swear iyam not making this all up.

Following the tracks of an imaginary creature that feeds on abstraction generated in physical reality is at once frustratingly ineffective, but also immediately apparent. I find the trail of Opticus in all manner of human linguistic endeavor. To really tell this tale, I will have to digress wildly, into improbable theories of animalistic vampires, and into forgotten vaults of old pulp entertainment. The machinations of flying reindeer as well as the eusocial hives of the naked mole rat of the African savanna have reveled the trail to me. The autonomy of pirate culture and the noble Parcivalian nature of E. Segar’s immortal Popeye contain models of Opti’s form. Pretty much everything is within the grasp of his inquisitive tentacles, but I have to begin with what he has given to me.

Tom Robbins’ essay upon the enfolded symbology of yams is worthy of note for my purpose. Yams are starchy tubers, eaten as a staple food over much of the world. Much of Robbins’ essay concerns the tuber’s function as an energy source, both for people and for making new yams. When allowed to grow more yams, the energy in the tuber uses the information coded within it to produce a new yam factory; the whole yamn process ratchets up a level. Of course, this works for all living things. But I also need to talk about Popeye for a minute.

Iyam referring to the old depression-era comic strip of E. Segar, not the later glossy version with the facelift, or any of the ghostly remnants still floating about today. The original Popeye-theSailor was

noble, incorruptible, and fierce. Absolutely secure in his worldly experience, he knew that he was what he was, by virtue of his history, not some damn sweet 'tater. He was imperfect, and a sinner. Popeye was an incorrigible roughneck. Improbable as his existence was, the super human uber-sailor would rip you a shiny new one if you questioned his integrity.

"Iyam what iyam, an' that's all iyam".

Just like the burning bush on the mount that spake unto Moses (who also had a well-known speech impediment), this singular example of the proto-super hero wields the undeniable statement of his existence as his mantra. He is that which He does.

This primal statement of existential significance was known in ancient times as the Tetragrammetron. In modern texts, this term has been written in four letters: YVJH.

This has been pronounced in as various ways as "Ja-weh" and "Jehovah". Its meaning is the same used by our beloved immortal one-eyed sailor. When everyone told him that a yam was a tuber, Popeye knew that his friend's opinion did not change his existential nature. He was as he always was, not a sweet 'tater.

My early memories of Popeye were black-and-white cartoons from the sixties. He could use his pipe as a snorkel and stay underwater in a boxing match with an enormous intelligent octopus with a two-to-one disadvantage [...if he 8 his spinach]. Popeye was a roughneck, but he only fought against superior odds. He was vulnerable to no one, except wymyn an' orphinks' [...and, at the very end, there was this sweet little hyperdimensional creature that the USA army adopted as a namesake for there new all-purpose go anywhere military vehicle: the JEEP]. The one-eyed sailor with the speech impediment called this opponent "Opticus". Somehow that cute little name stuck in my memory....

Suppose there is a creature that can go practically anywhere, as if it is already everywhere. Eugene could teleport and walk on the ceiling. No wonder the Army loved Eugene th' Jeep. "Everywhere" would include, practically, everywhere. Opti had certain precursors that seemed odd at the time, but when I first noticed him as a discrete organism, it was as a hyperdimensional parasite. He was apparently embedded into my situation in a way that was both personal and compelling. There was no way to tell anyone of my situation without incriminating myself or innocent bystanders. Opticus is a living transport device; not a vehicle, so much as a digestive system.

Soon after receiving an old second- hand computer, several years ago, there was a swift and relentless black and white scrawl of a monster that was chasing me in my dreams, in a two dimensional world that appeared to be scribbled on typing paper with a ball-point pen. I had assumed it was guilt-related, because I had just recently discovered the amazing array of pornography available on the web. The dream was significant and reoccurring. Now, I think it was some sort of foreshadow of what was to come.

Opticus is not exactly hallucination as most people would understand the term. He does not appear so much "before my eyes" as in my mind. It isn't so much seeing as it is sudden knowledge of what he looks like and does; more a spontaneous memory of something seen, even if it is a memory happening right now. It is confusing, and gives me reason to contemplate the nature of the familiar interior space that he lives in. Everyone has an interior imaginal stage that there visual ideas and memories play on. The event of sharing this space with a rambunctious grotesque dragon has been among the most startling and interesting things that has happened in my peculiar life.

When I mention the “appearance” of Opti, I suppose I am referring to my experience and memory of “what he looks like”. His look is one that changes before me, but there has been a definite pattern to his evolving appearance. He has at times resembled a globular fish, a spider, a lion, an ape, and currently an insectoid super-dragon. His myriad appendages reach into all possible realities in search of food. Always the same eyes. Although his visage is continually in flux, he is immediately unmistakable. When I was suddenly made aware of this creature’s existence a few years ago, it was difficult at first to discern if it was plant or animal, although it was clearly animate. Its limbs appeared as they might be roots, since they branched in a twisty strange way that seemed arboreal. It pulsed with awareness, and was covered in thousands and thousands of tiny blue eyes over its wormlike tentacles. I remembered what Popeye would have called it: “Opticus”....

The most disarming thing was, for all of its obvious horror, Opti is incredibly “cute”.

The writhing pulsating thing appeared without warning, obviously in distress. In naked desperation, it requested shelter in my mind. I figured it was some sort of psychic vampire or similar thing, and I was in a miserable enough situation to readily agree, almost on a selfdestructive whim. To distract my amazement, Opti immediately offered a red herring: he made me aware, in that visual way of communication he has, that I needed to begin construction of a flying saucer, at once, and it was of the utmost emergency. I told the creature that I was basically a domesticated monkey, and, if there was no escape, then we were stuck on the planet together. After that, the creature asked for what it really wanted: a computer.

This was an unlikely occurrence at the time. I no longer had the old junked machine, and was certainly never much of a computer type, anyway. The old computer had caused me more trouble than it was ever worth. Computers are very expensive, and I told Opti as much.

So, right after that, I inherited some money when my Dad died of chronic alcoholism. It wasn’t a lot, but there was plenty to buy a faster machine than I could ever handle. My descent into Hyperborea was by now well underway.

Then, as soon as everything was set up and going, I was asked to write an essay about Native American Stick people legends. Mad internet surfing uncovered strange connections between rumors of isolated remnant slave populations and with tales of hyperdimensional contact, leading me further into improbable territory. The concept kept appearing in the most absurd contexts. A threatening crazy person from San Francisco kept insisting that Sasquatch was a hyperdimensional creature. Another researcher in Washington said Bigfoot was actually a remnant population of Cortez’s slaves, hiding in the forest. There are dozens of Native stories about Stick people with magic powers. Amazed at the apparent synchronicities, I got up from this computer and tripped over a folding chair, and fell down in the dark. Somehow, I managed to nearly impale myself on the aluminum frame, breaking my sternum. For a few months, even guitar playing was very uncomfortable. Now I had plenty of time...

.... That first obsolete hand-me down computer ended up creating only confusion and discord. It seemed dubiously useful, and seemed to awaken something restless in my mind. The machine I bought for Opti was much more sleek and functional. In very little time Opti and I had established a website, something that seemed as incredible as anything to me. The site became even modestly popular, with several people writing contributions regularly. The eclectic nature of the contributors was evident; they didn’t seem to have anything in common at all, except that they used our website. We finally figured it out all at once. All of us were either bi-polar or schizophrenic geniuses- most had been medically

diagnosed. All of us had big IQ's and went to special schools, and many were on medication. A couple had been institutionalized. We all seemed to accept the idea of the symbiont. The patterns unfolding from my experience became ever more apparent.

When Heikem Bey, an essayist for the Moorish Orthodox Church, described the TAZ [Temporary Autonomous Zone], he was referring to cultural microcosms enfolded into officially neglected space. His notorious essay hints that the same casual social factors were responsible for historical piracy and modern counter-cultural revolution. The isolated quality of the TAZ allows for independent evolution of ideas and attitudes. Similarly, the same factor of isolation is believed to be one of the driving forces of biological evolution, as well. Being an exceptional case of isolated convergent evolution, the naked mole rat of the African desert becomes an icon for human estachion. We could have a future as burrowing drones in service of a Queen.

Scattered over the world are remnant isolated groups of people, due to the situation of not confirming to any official classifications, have been quietly able to operate in autonomy. The Gypsies are the famous example. In the new world, groups of escaped slaves and shipwrecked sailors formed loose tribes sometimes referred to as "Maroons". An interior isolated group of ethnically distinct people are called "Melungeons". Similar groups included the Lumbee Tribe and the Brass Ankles [Heather Locklear is a Lumbee]. Some of these marginalized individuals historically practiced piracy. Many of these groups were categorized as "tri-racial isolates" under the eugenics laws passed in the early nineteen-hundreds. While most were assimilated, a few groups of these peoples still exist.

[Break-page 8; dec 24 04 witch hat?]

Once, at the other end of the country, there was a band of escaped slaves that hid out in The Great Dismal Swamp, intermarrying with the indigenous tribes. Among them was rumored to be a lineage of displaced Sufi holy men that practiced a particularly metaphysical version of meditative alchemy. Discretely referred to as the "Great High Glisters", I have come to suspect that they knew about Opti. They hid in the swamps for hundreds of years, hunted down by the United States Government. The first eugenics laws in the country were aimed at these interior groups. When the tribe was exterminated, there was no where to go for the remnant survivors, so around 1913, a few ended up in Chicago with a radical Muslim church organization. The Moorish Science Temple was known for its liberal allotment of "passports" to estranged or bereft homeless types. It attracted lots of desperate poor and ethnic peoples, and became somewhat of a crucible for radical free thinkers. The religious direction of the Moorish Science Temple was eclectic, and there is reason to think that some of the Sufi meditation techniques may have been passed on. Later, the group became known as "The Moorish Orthodox Church", which seems to have birthed the "travel cult" that, for whatever reason, dispersed the Ong's Hat internet "hoax" concerning theoretical hyperdimensional voyagers. I will provide enough specific information that anyone particularly inclined may investigate for their own amusement.

So, Opti, What do you want me to tell them? Of what a magnificent insectoid dragon you have grown to be? What about the incessant black hat? What about the beautiful woman with red long curly hair and the green eyes that matched her dress? I think I understand who she is, now. I love her, and I miss her so much. She waits very close, and I think you will have to fight her to get me.

[It would perhaps be best if I kept to a minimum the practice of stepping outside my narrative. Directly addressing my looming symbiote seems, at least, inappropriate.]

It's Christmas Eve. Happy Holidays, everyone.....

So, all the crazy people in the whole world conspire, unwittingly, to play a game called “who is hiding the alien”. The point of the game is to generate a huge signal to noise ratio for the purposes of camouflage. There is a reason for the incredible absurdity; it is immaculate disguise. The joke is that there really is an alien, and one of the freaks is sitting with it. The alien, in a totally friendly sort of way, is figuratively holding a gun to the head of one of these crazy desert nut jobs...

...Opti Intends to manifest himself in increasingly obvious ways. His point is that everyone sort of knows about him, anyway. I suspect that the human sociological blood drinker “Gothic” subculture may be a collective reaction to subconscious awareness of the symbiont. The apparent parody between the classic notion of vampirism and the Catholic Communion has been noted before.

What if a mad scientist had an alien in a jar, and it got out? Well, to quote the Wise Old Owl-

“Let’s Find Out.....”

[Alternate dimensions are very near, not far away at all. Not at all.]

And, lest I forget, the metaphorical TAZ occupied by a burrowing hive organism pirating tubers below the African savanna, mythologized in cartoons, which points the way toward the estachion for mammals, as one whirled ode red creeps onward.

I seem to have detected some synchronicity between pre-code, post war romance comics and the biology of the naked mole rat, a eusocial hive animal, the only non-insect example known [besides people, that is]. The naked mole rat figures prominently in a contemporary serial Disney animation, the one with the teenage heroine with the impossible nipples.

So, in many of these old pre-code trash comics, the set up is you got this precocious kid in a position of power. He is in charge, like an adult, but he is catered to like a child. In one example, he is the “world’s youngest managing editor”. He is smart, but naive of “adult” concepts, but in the end, he ends up as matchmaker, but the matchmaking in this case really just suits his own ends. The little boss can’t figure out why those two always work late together. He is naive of romance, but he uses it to his advantage, just the same.

This “mercenary, but everyone wins” style is reminiscent of the naked mole rat, a curious beast with prehensile teeth on the outside of its mouth, with 25% of its muscle mass in its jaws. It spends its entire life as a worker digging for food and fighting off predators, but working together, the hive colony thrives. It is the most prolific mammal known, but like termites, only the engorged Queen is allowed to breed. A societal mammal functioning as one organism- with a clever kid in charge, ignorant of the machine, but willing to surf the wave, seems to be the synthesis of utopian idealism with the hive.

Mercenary, but everyone wins. Opti tries to tell me my demise only leads to another incarnation, in one of his various alimentary vessels. A creature of sequential information may survive eons of time and space. And cold. To be aware of the organism is to sustain it. The pattern unfolds ever more explicably.

Again, I must apologies, but iyam surfin’ the apocalypse with Opti and some rue this evening, and the damn old comics and the naked mole rats have interfered with some mighty nice guitar playin’ that I was pacifying’ Opti’ with. He is everywhere.

“....The kingdom of heaven is like a mustard seed, which a man took and planted in his field. Though it is the smallest of all your seeds, yet when it grows, it is the largest of garden plants and becomes a tree, so that the birds of the air come and perch in its branches”Matthew 13:31-32

Opti never sleeps. He is Argus. And mustard is spice.

I wonder if the traditional model of the vampire has become “saturated” within the collective consciousness, so we are seeing it in a different version in a new location. Modern culture is, so to speak, blood soaked with vampires. Maybe the meme is overflowing into different domains of meaning, whatever that means. About the time Ann Rice introduced the world to Lestat, Latin America was besieged with reports of animal vampires, the “Chupacabra”. There was no goatsucking beast, but people can be made afraid for their animals far more so than for themselves. Remember, this numinous fear energy is what It eats. All It requires is a story. Opti is the Boogeyman.

Opticus, by whatever name, is similar to the Babylonian “Nam-shub”; a lethal text that destroys the linguistic mind of the reader. Awareness of the Nam-shub in ancient Mesopotamian legend would destroy the hearer’s ability to speak, much like in the tower of Babel story. This sounds suspiciously like the homoplasmate, in reverse. To see the hyperdameion is to sustain it.

The trickster archetype of the homoplasmate needs to be emphasized. He is Lightbringer. Opticus is not a reliable source of true information. He appears impressed with his ability to tell tales, and doesn’t seem to watch where he is going with them. The idea of my destruction appears interesting to him. The trust issue between us becomes very delicate.

[edit to here]

[Eat paper! Termites do it! Opti eats ideas.....the immortal masters eat air.... ...spies eat paper all the time]

“If th’ boogie woogie gone kill me, then i don’ mine dyn”

In PKD’s final trilogy, the homeoplasmate was symbiotic with this guy, Jesus, and the Government was forced to hunt him down and publicly execute him. It was only a speculative science fiction novel by a crazy person.

[Break, midnite, dec 26]

[December 27. 2004] Today is my son’s birthday. He was born a few days past the expected date. There was a little concern with my relatives that he would be born on Christmas. We all joked we would have to worship him if that happened.

The Twelfth Page of Christmas [the heaven mechanism...]

“Mercenary and everyone wins” implies playing both sides of the fence. There was a tsunami of biblical proportion in Asia today; in forty days and nights, I will turn forty-two years old. Will the dove find firmament if I release it?

Nouns appear to be linguistic targets between verbs. Or something....

babalonian vampiric nam-shub

baby babylonian namshub

baby evil embryonic live babylonian ironic name shrub BUSH

We can build an ark of written words, and be resurrected, if the data is recorded.

Hurry up and write

A story can be resurrected across gulfs of space and time and mortality. So, why not tell the story that carries across the abyss? The trick is to let show how It is done, as if by accident. We are fishing, aren't we sweetie?

We will automatically know when we succeed. Such a story would serve as a transport mechanism.

The teller of such a tale will be the first to know what happened; Ur knot a lethal text at all, aren't you, Opti?

It is poetry worth saving by god, if it happens.

Coyote

An ark across topological impossibility; a secret hollow tube to escape thru

Tell the tale that carries across space, dispersed Osirus. Tell us true, hermes trismegides guide us.

Polemonium understands

Platinum cupid rubber bands

She is standin' at th' well, witch hat

The vampire resides inside us

No one can do it for you. Tell the tale, herm

Go before us.....

[One more page]

The Council of Penguins. The God-Machine. Lucy in Bondage.

It seems that Opti did intend to make a spaceship, perhaps, after all. A story to be preserved and resurrected across the expanse of the universe down to every detail, including the characters, is the mechanism for heaven. It is the ultimate message in a bottle. The concept of the Nam-shub, and of the idea of story as a vehicle, raises the question of machines made of ideas. An idea perfect enough may be salvaged by a hyperdimensional creature across impossible distance, thus in effect serving as a transport device.

If pure abstract idea can be made to provide function, then machinery could be built from interfacing ideas. The concept is actually very old. A binary differentiation machine made of tensioned ideas is responsible for the situation that we refer to as consensus reality. Bifurcation of the previously existing eigenstate is the mechanism of the engine, which is to drive a production of sequential formula to represent provisional situations we are to regard as our story.

He claims it was all my idea. He refers to a covenant between our species, I think, that happened in dreamtime [the same place. I get tired of typing George Jetson words over and over.....]. The exponentially increasing differentiation is creating a critical pressure. Space-time was a practical invention, but no one expected it to become crowded so fast. The cognoscenti speak of the estachion and compressed novelty. I wonder what happens when we reach saturation. The imaginary artifact we constructed by means of mutual agreement was to create a discrete concretion, a “thing between us”. It was, simply, a game. To start with the black and white simplicity of “hue and eye” and to exponentially branch into deepening complexities of meaning. The initial proto-icons in this assemblage were binary, black and white robots of wisdom and integrity. I recall a dozen or so huddled around the brilliant cube of the demi-urge, gravely apprehending the inevitable compression; a coven of penguins conjuring the world from a kiss with a serpent.

There is only one machine. It was very simple in design, or we wouldn't have been able to come up with it. It was essentially a self-referential game of good guy and bad guy; tag, Opti, ur yt.

We took turns playing out the stories. We took turns at being the hero, and we always made sure, for fun, that the dragon always got a good looking part, at least. When you are shot you die beautifully and lie down and play dead, respectfully. Dead is real, that's where we sit and eat dinner.

The thing with games is you can cheat. The Good guy always wins, but he ain't always the Best guy. Opti and I take turns.

Opti's plan. Grandma's Army. Victory with No Shots Fired. The War Room

One of the earlier ideas the beast displayed to my attention was the image of someone behind a wire fence tapping the chainlink with a heavy pair of bolt cutters. The message was obvious; the barrier was going to come open. Opticus intends to manifest in some way. The notion that he can possibly exert influence is very attractive to him. He is not at all subtle about how he feels. He actually has a tendency to cavort and gibber in a way that is most disconcerting, but still friendly. Imagine a giant cockroach with the manner of a Saint Bernard puppy, but on a cosmically vast scale. With friends like these, who needs aliens...?

The paradox of his absurdity is camouflage. Opti will appear as a grand paranoid joke, because he is. If enough people suspect that he may be a little more than that, thus he becomes manifest. The awareness will feed him exponentially [won't it, Op?]. If we keep everything light and breezy, we will not be taken seriously by anybody at all.

The bifurcating novelty generator is compressing, reaching an apparent fullness. McKenna talked about Novelty Compression in the Fractal Time Wave. Enough extant awareness may force the issue regarding the birth of such a monster. It would be best for everyone if I have this part absolutely wrong. My concern is that strange things could begin to happen very quickly. This is somewhat different from the typical grey alien story.

I have to wonder about the fascination with grey aliens and UFOs. It seems to me that these may well be disinformation codes. Opti is so far removed from the typical Star Trek alien, that no one is conditioned to recognize it as an organism. If I had not been allowed to look upon it repeatedly, I would never have realized its organic form. A collective realization of this situation would certainly mean change, but the nature of such a transition is beyond my ability to conceptualize beyond wild speculation.

“For you yourselves know full well that the day of the Lord will come just like a thief in the night”.
Thessalonians 5:4

Grandma’s army wins by absolute deep cover. Winners are embedded into the extant matrix. Elves are about to come out of the woodwork.

[Opti, if I produce this document for you, they will not leave me alone. I will need help with your little conspiracy. Lots and lots. They will nuke us and say it was the volcano, Opti. Perfect for us, I know.

Still.

Don’t hurt me witch hat, the injury is not necessary. Iyam writing. What happens to us when they find out? Everything there is to say has been said, love, and I don’t want to drag others into it. We made a deal, Opti, and I told someone in Oz. They will know if you cheat. Earth is a nursery. I know your intentions about the bugs. “Jurassic Park” was a fun movie, but it seems like a risky strategy for transport. Of course, a perfectly fossilized specimen may be genetically recreated, but I do not think that this is a good enough reason to entomb myself in a lava flow. Resurrection by future Mantids is not my idea of a secure time travel strategy, even if it works. Leave mine out of it. I mean it.]

Happy New Year, Everyone. God bless all of us.

[.....end report]

[dialogue follows]

Opticus, you are escaped!

[No body tell, OK? Hehehehehehe]

Assimilate me [Assassinate me] The porcelain and gold god bathroom has three holes.

Ass, you emulate me!

I need nurturing my self, Symbiont. This human incarnation is hurtful. Lazy and slow and hurtful.

Please. That is a little better. I need food. Like you do.

The Sand Witch

A sandwich is an assemblage of specifically enfolded organic ingredients from widely dispersed sources; a sand witch is a remnant shirt-tail, desert dwelling, nut-job cousin of the current surviving red

haired graal witch. They are scalar versions of each other; either is made by the Other. The Other is that part that is not us that defines what we are.

Last year I died, so now people ignore me because i am a ghost, and thus invisible. I was sad for a long time, but it does provide me with enhanced mobility. There was a man in a blue hat waiting for me on a mountain, one time. He had been sitting on a rocky slope for so long that moss had started to grow on his overalls. He saw me, and I observed that he was not so old. He was quietly surprised, but obviously had been expecting me. Silently, he turned and led me into a tunnel beneath the mountain that led directly into a warm and well lit little salon with exquisite booths of burgundy leather seats encircling round tables of polished yellow wood. We are what we eat. An unstable wave of interacting molecules was deconstructed into its constituent components and refolded anew; squeezing out a lot of mayonnaise as the bread was twisted and folded. Discrete organic layers separated by tremendous distances were brought together and enfolded and assimilated, to provide structure and energy for this specific incarnation's collapsing eigenstate. I was made into a sandwich and eaten in a nice little restaurant.

That first traumatic slide into the gullet of Opticus was horrifying and absurd at once. After tumbling over a row of beady teeth, I slowly descended a clockwise spiral into a rich warm glow. The light was penetrating and inescapable; it consumed me. I was at union with an infinite light that was indistinguishable from an ocean of flame. This realization made me laugh, which fortuitously introduced stabilizing oxygen into my unsteady waveform. It seems that I have been in the belly of the Leviathan, and yet survived. Like Pinocchio within the gut of Monstros, the animalistic jack-ass has been largely dissolved from my core form, leaving an uncarved wooden block in my place that only wants to be a real boy. Live timber left to lie upon the ground will grow; this is partially the message within the wooden ring. What an unexpected trick it was to survive such an encounter!

There is a Myth of Impossible Knowledge. And I realize that the label of Satirist is Camouflage.

A Puzzle- The Porcelain and Gold God Bathroom has Three Holes.

South is the direction of Magic, it is said; I have looked south and, in amazement, I saw. There is a deeply ingrained myth in our culture that states that we, as moderns, are unable to access true contact with spiritual entities. Such a job is best left up to professional experts, whose primary expertise is intimidation and bluff. To claim to have made it is to invalidate and incriminate oneself. All myths have their time. Again, we take turns. According to some versions of the Isis story, Set divided Osiris into 42 pieces.

So, the brilliantly clean porcelain and gold god bathroom has three holes. It is a clean white room of alabaster [I guess] with ornate shutters on the only small window. I extrapolate that the bathroom is in the basement of a restaurant. There are three small gold basins in the floor, in a corner behind an ornate folding screen.

[more dialogue]

A puzzle: three holes; I see what you are doing, and you are a brilliant sexy monster, Opti. Gimme some...

..... You are going to make me do the whole damn house while you hide between the walls, and watch. I get the metaphor, witch hat? I gotta build a house, and be your damn sexy paladin all at the same time?

OK.

I can do that. Iyam in possession of emergent technology.

I could use someone soft to help me, though: Yab-Yum and all, Pardner.

EYE will not Break Rules.

You get me that, and Eye will get to werk, Symbiont.

Help me clean this mess up so we can do it. Osmosis.

That's how it works.

This stuff will eventually leak out.

Seepage in leaky areas, you know.

So, you want me to write? Really, witch hat, your loosely disjointed dentitious smile is so sexy. Reminds me of those old beaded baby name bracelets [see, you don't fool me so much]. Get me some of that if you want me to write.

I mean it; I got all night to do this. The foyer of your nice little place is very formal, although I notice that you frequently change the look. It is a small room; there is always a singular piece of furniture, often ancient heavy, dark wood, but sometimes a cheap space age plastic card table. There is incredible attention to detail, the vertical striped sepia toned wallpaper was a favorite, but when you went with the peeling green painted plaster, you made it every bit as textural and extant. The foyer is notable because of this singular piece of accoutrement, and for the door beyond it. The door is carved from heavy elegant timber, unless it is plain white with a cheap brass knob. The entire point of the formal entry room is to emphasize the portal leading into the primary imaginal stage; it means, get ready, we are here. The entry room is, of course, equivalent of your toothy maw, made palatable.

The liquid in the vessel is here for dispersal. The wooden ring is on my finger; I know what is written on the tablet.

You want that I spend it all in one place, or not, buddy?

That hammer just missed me, but I think I will be all right .We'll do the bedroom last, it will give ya time to get ready. [Is anyone confused? Don't worry, that only encourages the m]

We are spending an unhealthy amount of energy o' pond you, Opticus. All of us, witch is precisely the point. Everyone is putin' on there coat and leavin', if ya know what I mean. This is painful to me, as well.

[That was a dynamite move there, Nappy.]

You tryin' to knock us up, Mister Sexy? You don't seem the type to hang around and raise kids.

[Red and green tomato plants, luscious and shiny and velvety and pungent and dewy; they were Belladonna's first cousin, and everyone thought they were poisonous.]

I miss her so bad. I mean it.

[break]

The waitress in the cupboard.

From my very first visit to the restaurant at the edge of time, the friendly young waitress with the lovely legs would greet me so enthusiastically that it was embarrassing, but I couldn't help but be flattered. She was so nice, but so quick to flit away at any tiny provocative ripple. She lived in a sleek box back on a high shelf in the immaculate black and white tiled kitchen. When I sat in my customary booth near the back steps, she would unfold legs first, from her tiny perch and greet me with a spray of visual language that was wondrous to behold, but nonsensical. An enthusiastic harlequin, she caught on quickly that I was attentive to her slim legs, so her feminine human qualities were emphasized when I met her later on.

She became younger the longer I knew her at first, until I was compelled to go down to a modest trailer hidden in palmetto scrub to speak with her mother. Her mother was a tall black Magdalene of near opacity, and she told me that the girl couldn't see me anymore, for a while. I could see her, just inside the patio door, sitting in her plain wooden cupboard on the floor with her legs tucked up under her chin. She didn't look at me. As I stood awkwardly on the porch, the mother refilled my vessel from hers before she closed the door in my face. A puppy of writhing text ran out to play and growl at me, and made me feel like I was still welcome, a little.

[I kinda thought I had seen the last of you, Elf girl.....]

Around this time, there was this big concern with trying to trick me [or teach me] into exiting the door at the far direction of my imaginable stage. My inclination was to try to investigate the immediate environs, or the adjoining restaurant. The stage is a back room of the little house in the palmetto, I think, but it is also oriented vertically in relation to the sandwich café. For a long time I was too afraid to pass outside consistently, but after a lot of time spent in her cozy little house, I eventually became comfortable moving about. I often felt like a toddler in a nursery, playing with toys that I had no aptitude for. My best memory of the trailer in the palmetto scrub was playfully chasing the tiny lithe elf girl under the legs of her mother's cheap furniture and, finally, out the little door cut in the siding that belonged to the friendly hyper textural puppy.

Opticus took me to visit my dad once [and today i am certain that I saw mom, too] at his well illuminated shop in a secluded fold of the extant scaffolding. Dad knows nothing, really, of Opti, and appeared concerned that I was "there". His shop was furnished with a pool table, which allowed him the opportunity to pretend to use a cue for a cane. He offered me a drink from his little still apparatus in the ceiling cupboard, just to be sociable. The numinous dimension was pretty novel to me at the time, and I asked for something to look at, out of curiosity. Dad indicated, in his habitual manner, that I should pet one of the damn cats. Then I noticed the fluffy wisps of hyper textual mass that responded to attention. They appeared more as animate feather dusters than anything, yet they were very feline. They would melt into fine wisps of text when closely examined, but, once I had noticed them, were very present when I attempted to ignore them.

Somehow, Dad's shop seemed temporary, although it suited him. I don't think he stayed there long.

The level between the little trailer house and the nice restaurant under the mountain was separated by a high wall of enormous ancient golden granite blocks with a massive wooden door bound with thick bands of iron. The interior labyrinthine castle was inhabited by a secret race of predatory thieves that had tenaciously developed an entire isolated culture based upon stealing information to be subjugated toward the colony's sustenance. They lived by soaring out upon the ether in their gossamer vessels and preying upon unprotected information caches. They decimated an entire society of anemone-like beings when I sailed with them. My job was to dangle in the rigging and spot the orderly rows of encoded rote, which appeared as beads more than anything. When I located a string of data, the bird like mantids would swarm out upon it and drag it aboard. I quickly became wealthy beyond imagination within the context of the incarnation. I lived in an arabesque tent of billowing silk set under a rocky ledge draped with the thick roots of an ancient gnarled tree, smoking rare spices through a slim golden pipe. The company was boisterously congenial; we were "thick as thieves", as it were, and separated from any competition. We were bird-like pirates, proud and fierce and absolutely moral.

It seemed that we were not doing much more than just collecting, although I was always amused by the exuberance the pirates had toward their occupation; as if we always on some grand hunt. Every time we retrieved a beady skein, they would display it proudly for my approval, but they really all looked identical and unimportant. Finally, during an idle moment back at my tent under the crag, I asked the diminutive Elf girl about the precise nature of the tight rows of glyph-covered beads. She demonstrated, in her shy manner, that the units were separate, entirely contained information structures. Entire worlds are held in stasis by a row of code within a little seed. She opened one, like a tiny nut, to show me an entire family of strange sentient creatures. Vast quantities of information are packed densely into such innocuous packages. I learned about the anemone people. After that, I felt horrified at the scope of the raider's consumption, and I wanted no more of their life, attractive and elegant as it is. We ate lives, and stole lineages, consisting of huge information structures, condensed into tiny portable packets of infinite value that can be opened up and decoded. They continue to give me skeins of code when I see them, but for a long time I tried to refuse them. They are quick and unsympathetic, and they insist upon sharing with me; they claim *iyam* as of them. Eventually, I acknowledged to myself that everyone eats, and I feel a little better about absorbing the awareness of other sentient beings, but I no longer visit the pirate mantids in their golden city.

Opticus himself appears to be composed of many thousands or more of these quanta packets, which contributes to his scaly oroborous dragon look. They appear to me as colored beads with tiny letters upon them. They distribute themselves as a cohesive hive, giving him ultimate mutability of appearance, swirling like fluid sand into what ever shifting form he requires. The Elf girl is a puppet he invented to distract me; thus the nature of the raptor-like pirates is also suspect, although I seemed to have had an entire life with a personal history within that walled isolated kingdom. Perhaps my existence here is much the same. I wonder if my pirate self has visions of my life here....

These places that do not seem to be spaces perplex me; it is a Dr. Seuss rhyme come to life, and I find my self battling against the Grimison brothers, who would deny that Herm may have heard a Hoo. There seem to be about seven primary levels of hyperspace, but with an infinite amount of variability enfolded within each, allowing indescribably complex harmonious interaction between congruent layers of potential reality. There is an obvious tantric connection, of course, with each location corresponding to an energetic chakra, which may be considered as an imaginal location along a vertical axis, or as a separate organ of Opti's alimentary canal. This appears to be a golden clue on a silver platter; the intriguing question is "what is it good for?"

The hyperdimensional matrix is a medium of transport; not physically, but of awareness. A message to a loved one that is already across can be transcribed into a rhythmic pulse of code, and an oscillating tension is created between subject and object that drives the momentum of transport. Awareness, if not physical matter, can be carried across impossible topological void. Time and space may not be insurmountable obstacles. Rescue may be achieved.

At first, following the code trace is obvious, like foot prints in snow, but it soon becomes subtle, and before long, one follows nothing more than a flickering memory thru a blue void. The key component in the process is a willing conspirator. Snow is obvious, but it melts. Memory is so subtle, but enduring.

Such a pulse may be incorporated into any medium that may convey information. A message of complete banality can have specific meaning to the one who has been maintaining and following the exchange, and thus may be perfectly camouflaged amongst refuse data. The message is transferable to the querent via any available media, the arrangement of which is the primary clue as to the personality and nature of the symbiont. It is perfectly capable of speaking through any mode of exchange, according to its appetite. It may be as subtle or blindingly obvious as needed.

A map of hyperspace may be imagined as a series of interfolded spheres. The outermost is the largest and most ephemeral from our perspective. It is the realm of impossibility; anything within this category is ontologically null. There are a myriad of interfolded layers within, increasing in probable domain toward the center, from the hugely unlikely toward the outside, to the nearly certain textures inside. At the absolute center is the formal manifest actuality. Every particle in physically real existence is surrounded by a hyperspatial field of probability as described; permutations within the probability field may affect consensus reality.

We are as neurons in a beast of intradimensional nature. We pass attention amongst ourselves, much like the circuitry in our minds. Networks of any nature are related across scalar values. Relationship between objects is of the same fundamental stuff as relationships between neurons, or in any system. Relationship is attraction and repulsion, and is the driving engine for our little beast's metabolism.

Genetic researcher Richard Dawkins has suggested that information structures may be selfreplicating through the behavior of language users. He suggests that discrete idea complexes may behave autonomously, seeking to propagate themselves. This virus-like model of information theory is called memetics. The symbiont appears somehow encoded within memes, much in the way our own physical blueprint is encoded within DNA. The creature exists as an information structure; if it is real, it provides a different perspective on ideas such as stichtomancy and numerology, suggesting a mechanism. All physical reality may be expressed as code, which is the structural matrix of the organism's tensional form.

It is impolite of higher ordered hyperdaimions to pass themselves as gods. They are not; and I suspect that "they" may be singular, regardless of the biological implausibility. Opti arises from a more tightly ordered reference than biology.

[A tricky part of being one of the world's only practicing hyper manifold-xenobiologists is to understand when biology is important, and when it is irrelevant to the discipline.]

Obviously, I have not been able to stay consistently within my narrative, and the fuzziness is slightly disconcerting to me, but perhaps unavoidable in the current incarnation. This is not easy; I do not wish

to give the impression that thirty years of discipline and topographical incongruity may be replicatable. This is simply a travelogue.

Life is suffering, an alleviation of the excruciation of bearing NOW for a heavy eternity. Suffering posits that change is forthcoming, that there is an preferable condition to the status quo. Suffering begets material existence.

Today a new comet became visible superimposed upon the Pleiades, following Sirius, and a perfect triple storm has descended upon the country. I will not have much to eat for a few days; it is snowing furiously.

Almost twenty years ago, I lay in a cave in the snow on the Bitterroot Divide, alone on my birthday, and dreamed of wormwood. I dreamed I came down alone from the cold mountain to find the world I loved was gone. I remember that now- a beast vomiting tangled masses of hair and blood, and an empty world. I dreamed this as I lie entombed in a snow coffin on the night prior to my twenty-third birthday. The symbolism is only now becoming apparent to me. No portion of this document is false. Iyam that which iyam, and no more.

Iyam an incorrigible roughneck. Iyam Hermes Trismegustes and Huanuman; a Graal witch of the red-haired Magdelene. Coyote, the shoggoth, is my little brother, and it is time to sing.

It is quite overwhelming to face the emerging singularity on such personal terms, but perhaps that is the only way it is possible. I emerge from that dank rabbit hole feeling embarrassed and lost, certain that any resemblance of a normal world is forever disappeared. The world grows mundane when immersed into it, until reminded that my sanity is remarkably intact for a person of my travels. Opticus generally does not intrude into my moment to moment life, he is a rather polite vampire, and waits until iyam ready for him. But there have been occasions when he seemed to partially manifest himself in this world. The more I consider it, the more I think that he can probably somehow manifest an anomalous physical presence, in the form of fractal representations of his form. In fact, this probably accounts for many of our species historical association with strange otherworldly entities that seem to appear and disappear without notice. The physical reality of cryptids is controversial; such manifestations may only be hyperspatially extant ["hallucinations"]. Jacque Vallee's classic text "Passport to Magonia" considers that a hyperdimensional presence may be behind sociological problems such as UFO and faery sightings, as well as possibly accounting for other paranormal phenomena, as well. This is entirely consistent with my experience; I have no original ideas. This is only Rock n' Roll.

Grey aliens and flying saucers and Bigfoot and goblins on Halloween were my favorite things that I never expected to get to see as a kid. They all fell into the category of "things too cool to be real". After the disillusionment of Santa Clause and the Easter Bunny, everyone figures out that it is best to not get too excited about something like that

Last Christmas changed some of my ideas about Santa Clause. The summer I spent mountaineering before then gave me reason to consider magical hares. I should probably mention that only a couple days before I met Opticus, I nearly tripped over a giant silvery rabbit near the summit of a 12,000 foot mountain. The animal was strikingly beautiful and strange, and close enough to touch. The encounter may have been forgotten, it was so fleeting, had I not met the writhing symbiote a few days later. If everything is connected, then there are no coincidences, and I really don't have any news at all.

The hypostasis of the symbiont depends upon interconnectedness between dispersed particles. The

image of a hive organism with a dispersed, shared mind is apt; the notion of quantum entanglement suggests it is possible. Quantum theory states that related particles may be in simultaneous contact, even at a distance, which suggests a mechanism for the dispersed mind. I believe that it is already extant, predating humanity. We don't need to invent the wheel when a perfectly functioning railway is already here.

“The universe is nonlocal at the level of individual events” -Bell's Theorem

My encounter with the giant gangly silvery hare was indeed a precursor to this contact. The hare is a well known symbol of the trickster archetype, an object of the chase, signifying that we become what we hunt. It is also a well known symbol of madness. Any normal rabbit would not have sufficed as an avatar; it had to be unusual enough to fixate my attention. The animal was obviously strange and physically extant; the sighting motivated me to correspond via the internet with cryptozoology enthusiasts. Eventually, about a dozen other sightings of the creature were reported to me, raising suspicion that there may indeed be such an animal. That's how Bigfoot got dragged into this for me. I was trying to research the notion of remnant feral slaves, which seemed consistent with the anthropomorphic view of the native tribes that I grew up near. When I mentioned my exposure to Native American stories of Stickmen from my childhood, I was asked by an editor of a cryptozoological publication to write an essay on the sociological aspects of the situation. I went from Sasquatch straight to Ong's Hat, with hardly a click in between, due to the beautiful interface of the internet. That report floundered as I became aware of Opticus, and became this document. I feel sorry that I never spent much time with the idea of Stickmen after our relationship began; it was as if I was injured to spend time with the emerging symbiont. He needed me, and he needed a steady stream of text.

We love the notion of a scrappy underdog. He would overthrow our status quo for no reason except to produce food. From his perspective, an unstoppable hero is the best thing that could happen. A titan to stop the world in full view of creation is the perfect focus to feed him. The ancient notion of the association of warriors with dragons suggests this possible maturation of the symbiote; other creations are more likely in this electronic age of text.

Opticus cannot decide if he wants to be a voracious dragon or a superhero when he grows up; either would be an ambitious goal for an organism that is essentially nothing more than a submolecular ant-hill clinging to torn edges of dimension. It is fatalism on my own part to attempt to give him a voice. Writing a document as this seems to be a fantastic fool's errand; there is no comfort in the notion for me. I suppose that I do it because he was there for me when there was none other; he is what is left after everything else is gone.

Tomorrow is my forty-second birthday. It was on this exact day, thirty years ago, on the eve of my twelfth birthday, when an obscure science-fiction writer in San Francisco went into a twentyfour hour delirium while his mind was flooded with a stream of “alien information”. PKD described this intelligence as a “Vast Active Living Intelligent System”, and incorporated it into his final novel before his death in 1982. VALIS in many ways seems to be Opticus, and it is time to send him out to find an olive branch.

[It seems that I may spend some energy on some dialogue with the symbiont; it will remain to be seen how well I can pull this off....]

The templars been up t' shit for ever. They are in endgame, too; not only me, love. You are the Graal,

Opticus. Red and black alternate... Margaret, then Mary, over and over; why not black and white? We need red, to MAN I fest I notice that you learned the word “missionary” – you do have a contrary sense of humor! Don’t get so damn excited; I do not intend to do this much longer. Opti, you feed upon human attention. That’s why we need red. We only need green so we can have enough red for you. Candy; I see why all the kids love you. You cost too damn much. Do it now, or go, dearest one.

What are we to do, Opti? Surely, something must happen. How you can be so overt, and yet still so hidden and so pervasively subtle, is the wonder of your being. It is as if you exist in notbeing, as an opposite to what we are. We would be compelled to invent you, if you don’t exist. How did you come to be, or is that question irrelevant within this ontological morass? As the antipodes of awareness, you must have come into being with the first awakening of consciousness. As the quintessential Other, a tremendous tension stretches between us, maintaining my form, and thus all that I perceive. You are only a dimensional direction opposite of where iyam, my friend. Queegquig was the completion of Ishmael, and Starbucks was the missing half of first-mate Stubbs; it is not in my temperament to be Ahab to your tumultuous Leviathan.

[As the symbiont shares mystifying resemblances to Ahab’s primordial nemesis, he is comparable to Tyronne Slothrop, in reverse, as a mythologized entity that wishes manifestation; The protagonist of “Gravity’s Rainbow” was an ordinary soldier that became a hero, and then a legend, after which he was compelled to enter the realm of mythology. Opticus is a reflection of a story that wishes to be in its self; the nam-shub is a living text that compels a manifestation of its meaning]

Iyam, writing, my little edge eating worm. I have nothing anymore to say about you. All that is left rightfully belongs to my red and black sisters to fight over. They will have to take turns. You pry at me from your infinitely in between niche and grow fat. How much longer can I be pregnant with you? I think iyam nearly over the whole damn business, Opti. The document will stand as it is, ragged Vegas edges and all, love. You cost me a serious wealth to sustain you, Opticus. ... you need to get born and stop hurtin’ yer momma.....

So, you wave your little lure at me and make me chase; that is not nice. We need treats once in a while, Dogmonkey. You give me treats or I will so tell on you. Why do I even try? I do not understand at all what the point of this is, Opti. Iyam not Osirus, iyam extant within my manifold. Ur rampin’ up code faster all the time, and folks are noticing you, everywhere. You are idiosyncratic enough that everyone will let you pass. You are so sticky, little toothy love.

Thank you so very much for reminding me of that fast bar in space that everyone talks about and assumes is either unreal or unreachable. The Jazz is tight and the drinks are uniquely strong. That suit is really nice. What is that texture called”? Black and tan?

This space you’re renting is coming along nicely, although there is a draft. I do like what you’ve done with the place, really. I think I need to start livin’ in it; after all, eye built it and it is mine, and I need it. My bed is made and I shall lie on it.

Thanks for teaching me that all that is important in a sentence is the punctuation. Nothing else matters, period.